FINE FITTING FOOT WEAR

WORLD'S FAIR You will always find a great line to select from at our store. All the very lates: shapes and designs in the most compressed and easiest fitting. Tans in Oxfords, Gaiters, and Bluchers and all the other nobby effects.

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1043 O. street.

Eye and Ear Surgeon. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, 203 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

How's This!

We offer \$100 reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's

Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J.

Chen, y for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all bus ass transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Mart-vis, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. all's Catarrh Cure is taken internally.

ous surfaces of the system. Price per bottle. Sold by all druggists. * annials free.

Cheap Rates. r, one way...... \$ 12.50 er, round trip 20.00 C go, one way 10.90 Ct. go, round trip 19.70 cific office, 1044 O street.
J. T. Mastin, E. B. Slosson, J. T. MASTIN, City Ticket Agt. Gen. Agt.

Rooms in Chicago. Elegant rooms for World's fair visitors right at World's fair grounds. Prices reasonable. Mrs. E. B. Appelger. 6617 Sheridan ave., Chicago.

Tourists Tickets to Colorado. The Union Pacific railway will now sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo at the low rate of \$24.15 good returning until October 31st. Stop-overs allowed between Pueblo and Cheyenne. For full particulars call or address City Ticket office, 1044 O street. E. B. Slosson. J. T. MASTIN.

City Ticket Agent, Gen. Agent

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated the 11th day of July, 1852, and due the 11th day of October, 1852, and duly filed in the effice of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebr., the 11th day of July, 1852, and executed by Geo. Botham to Louis Poska to secure the payment of the sum of Thirty-five Dollars, and upen which there is now due the sum of thirty-five dollars and interest at 10 per cent. Default having been made in the payment of the said sum and now suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: one black mare mule about 8 years old, weight about 80 pounds; one black horse mule 11 years old and weight about 90 pounds, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, sale to take place at the corner of Ninth and R streets. Lincoln, Nebr., commencing at 10 o'clock p. m. on July 10th, 1863.

LOUIS POSKA.

Mortgagee.

Dated Lincoln, Neb., June 18, 1863.

2-4t.

Dated Lincoln, Neb., June 18, 1863. 28-4t.

NOTICE. In the District Court of Lancaster county,

In the matter of the application of Emma

Witte, administratrix of the estate of John H.
Witte deceased.

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Emma Witte, administratrix of the estate of John H. Witte deceased, praying for a license to sell by 1025 in the village of DeWitt, Saline county, Nebr., for the payment of debts allowed against said estate and for the costs of administration, there not being sufficient personal property to pay said debts and expenses.

It is therefor ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me on the 25th day of July, 1863, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as council can be heard to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administratrix to sell the above described real estate of the deceased, as shall be necessary to pay said debts and expenses.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1863.

CHAS. L. HALL,
Judge of the District Court.

SUNDAY, JULY 9.

Excursions from all points. Grand treat for the weary. Grand performance tight rope, gymnastics and other at-

Special trains via Burlington depot at 1:00, 2:30, 3:30 and 5:00 p. m. Returning —1:30, 3:00, 4:00, 6:00 and 8:30 p. m.



FALL Tuition! Fall term, in seven different courses. Only high grade independent Normal in the state. The Finest Buildings, Equi: ments, and Ablest Normal Faculty. No experiment, but an established management. 40 courses, 35 teachers and lecturers. A live school for the masses. Write for catalogue.

E. R. SIZER, Mgr. Lincoln, Neb.

Pamphlets describing the REE KANSAS.

ARIZONA. OKLAHOMA,

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA, May be had by addressing G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeks, Kansas. Mention this paper.

THREE MINUTE TALKS

ABOUT

NEW MEXICO.

Minus and towns of New Mexico.

The residue of an illustrated folder describing the farms, ranches, ranches, The residue. ranches, mines and towns of New Mexico. The profits of fruit raising are set forth in detail; also facts relative to sheep, cattle and general farming. No other country possesses such a desirable climate all the year around. Write to E. L. Palmer, P. A. Santa Fe Route, Omaha, Neb., for free copy.

The Accommodating Boarder. The boarder was grumpy that morning, and the landlady was doing the best she

"Bah," he exclaimed, "this coffee is miserable. It's the weakest stuff I ever saw."

"Well, Mr. Feeder," she said reproachfully, "you shouldn't jump on it so if it is too weak to defend itself. You should at least select something of equal strength with yourself."

who was presiding counter at which is and said, "Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Gimme a piece of milk."

"I will," he growled. "I'll do more, I'll take something stronger than myself. Where in thunder did you get this butter?" And the mentle landlady burst into tears.—Detroit Free Press.

Those Needless Questions.



Billy Mackintosh - Looks like rain, doesn't it?

Tommy Covercote-Yaas. Fact is, it is rain, don't ye know. Whatcher think it press. was, coffee?—Harper's Weekly.

His Friend.

Dr. Liddell's morning levees were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, sound him with a stetho-scope, write his prescription and pocket his fee in a space of time varying from two to

One day an army man was shown into the consulting room and underwent what might be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed, the patient shook hands with the doctor and said:

"I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Fores-ter, speak of his old friend, Dr. Liddell." "What!" exclaimed the doctor. "Are you Dick Forester's son?"

"Most certainly I am."
"My dear fellow," exclaimed the doctor,
"fling that prescription into the fire and sit down and tell me what's the matter with you."-Yankee Blade.

Not So Bad.

The manner in which the blue sash was adjusted about her slender waist confessed her at once the recent graduate of some leading institution of female learning. The confession was corroborated by the

"And so"-It was a man with a large red neck and an aspect of indifference to the stringency in the money market who addressed her. -"my little girl didn't take first hon-

She tossed her head. "Well I should say"-

faraway look in her eyes.

She was decidedly impatient. —"not. I ain't quite so homely as all that. Third place is bad enough. Huh." And the girl glanced daggers.-Detroit

A Common Word. "Did you ever notice," said Hicks, "how men and women get hold of some single word which they use on every possible oc-

"I don't know that I've noticed it," observed Parker. "I have," put in little Johnny Hicks.

"Pa and ma have one they're using all day long."
"What word isthat?" asked Parker, with

a smile. "Don't," said Johnny.-Truth.

All Spotled.

Mrs. Tittle-Did you have a good time at the sewing circle this afternoon? Mrs. Tattle-No, a miscrable time. It was awfully dull.

Mrs. Tittle-Wasn't anything said about how Mrs. Blazer has been carrying on? Mrs. Tattle-No. She was mean enough to be there herself, and of course the pleasure we had all looked forward to was spoiled. Strange how people can be so celfish.—Boston Transcript.

An Honest Woose.

The Heiress-Why do you wish to marry The Impecunious-You wish me to an

swer honestly? The H.-Yes. The I.-Without concealment or prevari-

The H.—Yes.
The I.—Because I want you to be my wife. - New York Press.

"Have you ever taken any pains to collect this bill against old Meddergrass?" inquired the head of the firm.

"Pains?" exclaimed the bill collector. "Pains, did you say? Great Scott! I have climbed a dozen barbed wire fences, been chased by a bulldog and picked half a pint of bird shot out of my legs. By George, sir, I have!"—Chicago Tribune.

Miseries of Managers. Stage Manager-Great snakes! Stop! Don't move that scene yet.

Supe-It's most time. Stage Manager - Don't touch it. Juliet s there dead in the tomb. If you move that canvas, it will let in a draft, and she'll sneeze. — Texas Siftings.

Must Have Been.

"How do you know that this is the same blind man you helped before? This may be an old fraud."

"John, how perfectly heartless and suspicious you men all are. Didn't you notice be knew me half a block away?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mythological Information. "Who was Ajax?" said the teacher to a pupil.
"He was a capitalist," replied one.

"How do you make that out?"
"He defied the lightning to strike."-Brooklyn Life.

Brief. Magistrate (to prisoner)—Have you any remarks to make? Prisoner (a barber)-Yes, your worship. Your hair wants cutting. Magistrate-So does yours. Three months! -Tit-Bits.

Where He Had Gone. "Where is the man who keeps this restaurant?" said the disgusted patron.
"He's gone out to lunch," replied the cashier. -Truth.

A Mystery. A fat man with a brown soft hat walked briskly into a Main street restaurant and took a seat at the lunch counter. The man who was presiding over the section of the counter at which he sat ambled over to him

"Well?" repeated the fat man.
"W'atcher want?" asked the waiter. "Gimme a piece of apple pie and a glass

"Hain't got any apple pie, sir."
"What kind of pie have you got?"
"Cocoanut pie and lemon pie, sir."

"Gimme a piece of lemon pie." The waiter went away and returned with a slab of dark brown pastry and a glass of light blue milk. The fat man sawed off a piece of the pie and transferred it to his mouth. A pained look came over his face, but he gulped the pie down and beckoned to the waiter. "What kind of pie is that?"

"What kind did you order, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Lemon ple." "Well, sir, that must be lemon ple, then." "But it ain't lemon piz."

"Ain't lemon pie, sir?" "Not by a darn sight." "Sure it ain't lemon pie, sir?"

"Of course I'm sure.
"That's funny, sir." "Nothing funny about it. What kind of pie is it?"

The waiter leaned over the counter and said in a hoarse whisper, "Confidentially, sir, I have tried to work that pie off for apple, pineapple, pieplant, peach and prune, and it didn't go, and if it ain't lemon I'm darned if I know what it is."—Buffalo Ex-

A New Hamlet.

The summer girl had finished her schedule for the campaign and sat down to think. She was looking a little like Marius among the ruins when her dearest-friend came in What's the matter!" was the quick in-

"I've just completed my want list for the summer," she replied, handing it to her.
"Gracious me," exclaimed the other girl,
looking it over, "this ought not to make you sad. Here's gowns and gowns, and bonnets and hats, and jackets and waists, and shoes and slippers, and parasols and fans, and gloves and hundreds of things

that are too lovely for any use." The fair possessor of it all sighed profoundly.
"Yes," she said, "it is all just like the play of 'Hamlet'—with Hamlet left out."

"How do you mean?" and the big eyes opened wonderingly.
"Where's the man?" sighed the first girl again, and there was no answer.-Detroit

Two Irish Bulls.

Two prime Irish bulls were recently found among the autograph letters of Sir Philip This is the first: Some ladies went to the Irish house of commons to hear a particular debate, which happened to be put off till next day. Sir Boyle Roche said: "Indeed, ladies, I am very sorry for your disappointment, but why didn't you come tomorrow?" The second is quite apropos of recent incidents in the imperial parliament. The house being one day remarkably quiet and silent, Sir Boyle got up and "Mr. Speaker! I spake to order-an honorable gentleman, who always sits behind me, is perpetually laughing in my face; I move that before he laughs at me any more he will be pleased to tell me what he is laughing at!"—Pall Mail Gazette.

A Natural Supposition. Detective-And which of your employees

do you suspect of taking the money? Business Man (thoughtfully) — Well, there's the bookkeeper, he has a new suit of clothes every week; the cashier drives a COR chasing agent wears four big diamonds; one of our clerks has a wife who goes in society-so I guess you had better accuse that miserable ragamuffin of a private secretary. Nobody has seen him have anything new in two years, and it's pretty near a certainty that he's playing the races.-Detroit Tribune.

Limited



He-Do you know that these things you think so trivial-these engagements-are capable of breaking a man's heart? She-Why, certainly. That's about all the fun there is in them.—Truth.

Up In Harlem.

Dudely Canesucker-I met your charming daughter at a masquerade ball some months ago, and I have been hunting for her ever since. At last I have found out where she lives. I love her better than life itself. Without her life has no charms for me. Can I see her?

-Texas Siftings. Would Probably Do Just as Well. "Have you got any Gretna greens?" inquired the facetious customer with the

Mrs. Mulligan-Naw. Today is washday.

sket on his arm. "No, sir," answered the grocer. "Nearest I can some to 'em is parlor matches. Anybody waiting on you, ma'am?"-Chicago Tribune.

A Much Traveled Man. Briggs-That fellow over there is one of the greatest travelers of modern times. Griggs-Where has he been? Around the Briggs-Oh, no. He has been around the

World's fair .- Clothler and Furnisher. The Accommodating Lightning. "Humph!" said the lightning as he flashed through the skies, "What's that sign on that country house?" (Reads.) "To rent, Ah! I'll take the hint."

And he did so. - Exchange. Another Entanglement. First Fly-Will you marry me? Second Fly-Alas! I cannot. I am stuck on this paper. -Truth.

SATURDAY, JULY FIFTEENTH, 9 to 12 A.M.



************************************ THE GOURIER PLUNGE COUPON.

FREE ADMISSION

TO THE

OREAT PLUNGE SANITARIUM IN THE SULPHO SALINE BATH CO.

This coupon will admit to the great plunge FREE OF CHARGE, any girl or young lady between the ages of 12 and 20, Saturday morning, July 15, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Those unpro-vided with suits or trunks can obtain the same at the usual prices -5 cents for trunks, 15 cents for bathing suits. No charge whatever if you bring your own suit.

COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

HOW HIL EARNED IT.

Every Venne He Met Wanted a Tapeline.

"When I came last Monday," said the and faced man to the widow whom he had rescued from the barbed wire fence at Ba-

ker's beach, "you gave me 65."
"I'm sure you deserved h," replied the widow, "and—and you have my gratitude." "You said you liked my appearance fairly well"-

"Yes—after you had get fixed up in poor husband's clothing I did." "But I wear poor husband a clothing no longer. These garments are my own. You said, as we talked of our past individual experiences, that if I could demonstrate the business ability of which I spoke you might

take me as a partner in your little home."
"Yes, but I-I would-I wouldn't want to seem harsh or unkind if you haven't been fully able to succeed. Perhaps you "You said you own this little place and

an improved ranch in Oakland."
"And so I do—a ranch that two might live on comfortably." "And you said you need a companion who is able to manage a ranch and collect a rent

from this place."
"Yes, I think so yet. If I knew a man
that would be good and kind, perhaps I could get along myself with the finances,' "I believe I am qualified. You gave me \$5 on Monday." "So I did."

"On Tuesday I had doubled it and made 83 more. I doubled that whole amount on Wednesday."
"Can it be possible that you have gam-bled?" cried the widow with a first indica-

tion of despair. "Thoughtless woman! Could a man win twice in one week "

The meaning of the widow's sigh might have been a problem for the sad faced man if he not noticed that response, but just then he was busy with the account of his earnings.

"On Thursday morning," as the statement continued, "I had \$25 less \$2.50 that I had paid out for living expenses. It was the most money I had owned in eight years; it was the first start I could get." "Go on," exclaimed the widow expect-antly, and yet fearing to hear of final

"I made \$18 over and above expenses on Thursday and lived at a hotel. I tell you it seemed good to be myself once more."
"Poor man!" The widow almost wept in

sympathy.
"That was \$41,50. The next evening. Friday, I counted up \$60.65. Saturday morning I bought this suit at a bargain for \$15.50. Your former husband's apparel I stowed in a secret place where I used to sleep, as I chanced to be near there soon afterward, but I will bring them back tomorrow.

'Don't mind about that," said the widow. "Saturday was the best day of all. I made a clear gain of \$31,80. I kept a little change for ordinary use, and the rest I put in bank until Monday. There's the book with \$70 to my credit."

"All that from the money I paid you?" asked the astonished widow "Every dollar of it," quietly the sad faced man affirmed. "Then you have proved all you said, and

I am sure—but first tell me how you earned so much ' "I've been peddling tapelines. With every tapeline I gave complete directions how measurements should be taken by those who wanted to compete in the Venu contest. I've run out of tapelines now, but I have ordered 500 gross of them to be made right away."-San Francisco Examiner.

His Wonder.

Very many stories are told of the 40-hoss talking power of Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, and most of them have some foundation in fact, for the senator's best denda will admit, when cornered, that Joe Blackburn is a talker from Talkville. However, it is interesting talk, and therefore he is excusable. Coming east in a C. & O. sleeper not long ago the senator made the acquaintance of a bright small boy, which later led to an acquaintance with the your ster's father and mother. The sena-tor was sitting with them chatting along in his best style, and the boy frequently interrupted aim. Finally the mother put her hand on her son's shoulder. "Little boys," she said reprovingly, "are

to be seen, not heard." That quieted him for a time, but later the mother had to tell him the same thing again. He quicted down for a half hour longer, and at the first break in the senator's talk he looked up at him inquiringly.

"What is it?" asked the senator. "I was wondering," replied the kid, "if you was ever a little boy like me, how you outgrowed it so." The senator looked at the mother, the mother looked at the senator, they both looked at the father, and then everybody

Detroit Free Press. His Quest. "Oh, Algernon," she exclaimed, with a true blue enthusiasm of a Boston girl,

"don't you think the greatest joy in life is

laughed and the kid was given a chance.

the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" "Well, rather," returned Algernon. "That's why I'm here tonight."-Quips.

Purely an Accident. Wool-How do you suppose Queen Liliuokalani got her strange name? Van Pelt-Her mother may have hit on it by accident while learning the typewriter.

-Life.

Truth. Heard on Midway Plaisance. First Stranger-I can hardly realize that at last I cm really in America. Second Ditto-But you are. Don't Don't you

A VICTIM OF FATE.

Me Had Tried Various Things, but Luck

Was Against Him. He wasn't a tramp exactly, but he was on the way there. He had struck the merchant for a dollar, and the merchant was

rather interested in him.
"I don't see," he said, "why you go about asking for money or help. You are an intelligent man, and I should think you could

"I don't know about that," was the despondent rejoinder. "The Lord knows I tried hard enough to get about he

my heart entirely."
"What did you do?"
"Well, a little of everything. 1 had some money, and I thought I'd go to raising rice in South Carolina and show those people down there how to do it right. I knew it all of course, and one day a man came along selling a new brand of seed rice. He was a nice looking man from New York, and I liked his style. He liked my style, too, he said, and would sell me the exclusive right to handle his stuff in South Carolina. It was something new-a seed that could not be exposed to the light, but that would yield three times as much as the old varicties. That was what I was looking for, and very quietly I took it in, paying \$900 for the right and four sealed cans of seed. I did all the work at night, and when it was finished I sat down to wait and to chuckle over my enterprise. But I waited and waited, and nothing came, and one day I looked into the old cans and found I had been stuck with some mean little wheat grains, and you might as well try to raise icides in the bad place as to raise wheat in

a South Carolina rice swamp. "That was bad luck," said the sympathizing merchant.

"So I thought, and I left the state and went to raising cattle in western Kansas. Hadn't more than got my herd set out be fore a cyclone came along and the course. fore a cyclone came along and blew every horn of it clean over into the next county, and when I went after my stock a pious cowboy who had gathered them in with his own informed me that they had been sent to him by Providence, and he'd like to see any son of a gun try to take them away. As he had a winchester and a lot of friends with him I didn't see my way FROM \$2.50 TO \$4.50. clear to interfering with the ways of Provi dence, and I left the country."

"It's pretty hard when Providence goes against a man," ventured the merchant

"Yes, but that isn't all." sighed the disconsolate one. "With what little I had left I went to Pennsylvania and bought a power gristmill in the mining re gions. I fixed it up with new machinery, and for awhile it looked as if my luck had changed and I was going to come out on top at last. But one night a big mine ly- On farms in Eastern Nebraska and improved ing under the stream that gave me my mill power caved in or sank down just enough to change the lay of the land, and, by gum, the water began to run the other way, and when I got to the mill in the morning the water gates were open, the stream was running up hill, as it were, and my mill machinery had been running backward until every blamed wheel was busted

and the whole shebang was a wreck." The man wiped a tear from his eye. "Then it was," he went on, "that my heart broke, and I laid right down and quit. Now, do you blame me for what I am

doing?" The merchant gave him \$2, and the man was in the police court next morning.-Detroit Free Press.

A good many older persons who have been in difficult positions and have fult that the world was really very hard can sympa-thize with little Pio Sanborn, of whom an

exchange writes: She had been censured by her mother for some study mischief which she had been engaged in. She sat thinking it over for some time, and finally said in an utterly discouraged tone:
"Everything I do is laid to me."-Youth's Companion.

All Took a Hand. The Bavarian peasants are in many respects similar to the Irish. They drink a great deal and are very witty and are never so happy as when they are fighting with each other. A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting on the road and discovered to the same of the s The Bavarian peasants are in many rerian peasants meeting on the road and

holding the following conversation: "Were you at the wedding last night?" "Indeed I was. It was the nicest wed-ding we have had this season. Why, even the bride took a hand in the fight."-Texas Siftings

As a Rule.

"Do you cat anything usually before going to bed?" asked Dr. Paresis of his pa-"Certainly," replied Mr. Cumso. "I est breakfast, dinner and supper as a regular

thing."-Jury.

Candar. Willie Wilt-Aw-really. Miss Perte. I'm not such a fool as I look. Miss Perte-But Mr. Wilt, you know we

us.-New York Herald. Studying Her Requirements. Dora - Don't you think my gowns fit

cannot always see ourselves as others see

better than they used to? Cora—Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry. -Quips. Reason Lnough. "Old Scadds seems quite upset by the failure of the Pycrust bank."

"No wonder-he lost his balance."-Horrible!

Rose-Does Mr. Verydull know anything? Lillian-Know anything! He doesn't even suspect anything. -Life's Calandar.



Mrs. Anna Sutterland Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goltre From her 10th 40 Years greatsuffering. When sheeping the cold could not

walk two blocks without fainting. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good. HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver lits, jaundles,

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